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O D E

F O R

M U S I C.

Performed in the

S E N A T E - H O U S E at C A M B R I D G E

*July 1, 1749.*



# O D E

Performed in the  
SENATE-HOUSE at CAMBRIDGE

July 1, 1749.

AT THE  
Installation of His GRACE  
*Thomas Holles* Duke of Newcastle  
CHANCELLOR of the University.

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— canit errantem Permefti ad flumina Gallum  
Aonas in Montes ut duxerit una fororum  
Utque viro Phæbi chorus affurrexerit omnis.

VIRGIL.

---

By Mr. M A S O N,  
FELLOW of PEMBROKE-HALL.

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Set to Music by  
Mr. BOYCE, Composer to His MAJESTY.

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C A M B R I D G E,

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M. L

## O D E

F O R .

## M U S I C.

## I.

**H**ERE all thy active fires diffuse,  
 Thou genuin *British* Muse ;  
 Hither descend from yonder orient sky,  
 Cloth'd in thy heav'n-wove robe of harmony.

*Recitative.*

Come, imperial queen of song ;  
 Come with all that free-born grace,  
 Which lifts thee from the servile throng,  
 Who meanly mimic thy majestic pace ;  
 That glance of dignity divine,  
 Which speaks thee of celestial line ;  
 Proclaims thee inmate of the sky,  
 Daughter of Jove and Liberty.

*Air. I.*

## II.

*Recitative.*

'The elevated soul, who feels  
 Thy awful impulse, walks the fragrant ways  
 Of honest unpolluted praise :  
 He with impartial justice deals  
 The blooming chaplets of immortal lays :  
 He flys above ambition's low carreer ;  
 And nobly thron'd in Truth's meridian sphere,  
 Thence, with a bold and heav'n-directed aim,  
 Full on fair Virtue's shrine he pours the rays of Fame.

## III.

*Air II.*

Goddes ! thy piercing eye explores  
 The radiant range of Beauty's stores,  
 The steep ascent of pine-clad hills,  
 The silver slope of falling rills ;  
 Catches each lively-colour'd grace,  
 The crimson of the Wood-nymphs face,  
 The verdure of the velvet lawn,  
 The purple in the eastern dawn,  
 Or all those tints, which rang'd in vivid glow  
 Mark the bold sweep of the celestial bow.

But

## IV.

But chief she lifts her tuneful transports high, *Recitativo.*  
 When to her intellectual eye  
 The mental beauties rise in moral dignity :  
 The sacred zeal for Freedom's cause,  
 That fires the glowing Patriot's breast ;  
 The honest pride, that plumes the Hero's crest,  
 When for his country's aid the steel he draws ;  
 Or that, the calm yet active heat,  
 With which mild Genius warms the Sages heart,  
 To lift fair Science to a loftier seat,  
 Or stretch to ampler bounds the wide domain of art.

These, the best blossoms of the virtuous mind, *Air III*  
 She culls with taste refin'd ;  
 From their ambrosial bloom  
 With bee-like skill she draws the rich perfume,  
 And blends the sweets they all convey  
 In the soft balm of her mellifluous lay.

## V.

Is there a clime, where all these beauties rise *Recitative.*  
 In one collected radiance to her Eyes ?

Is there a plain, whose genial soil inhales  
 Glory's invigorating gales,  
 Her brightest beams where Emulation spreads,  
 Her kindliest dews where Science sheds,  
 Where ev'ry stream of Genius flows,  
 Where ev'ry flower of Virtue glows?  
 Thither the Muse exulting flies,  
 There she loudly cries —

*Chorus I.* All Hail, All hail,

Majestic GRANTA! hail thy awful name  
 Dear to the Muse, to Liberty, to Fame.

## VI.

*Recitative.* You too, illustrious Train, she greets  
 Who first in these inspiring seats  
 Caught the bright beams of that æthereal fire,  
 Which now sublimely prompts you to aspire  
 To deeds of noblest note: whether to sheld  
 Your country's liberties, your country's laws;  
 Or in Religion's hallow'd cause  
 To hurl the shafts of reason, and to wield  
 Those heav'ly-temper'd arms whose rapid force  
 Arrests base Falshood in her impious course,  
 And drives rebellious Vice indignant from the field.

And

## VII.

And now she tunes her plausive song  
 To you her sage domestic throng;  
 Who here, at Learning's richest shrine,  
 Dispence to each ingenuous youth  
 The treasures of immortal truth,  
 And open Wisdom's golden mine.

*Air IV.*

Each youth inspir'd by your persuasive art,  
 Clasps the dear form of virtue to his heart;

*Recitative.*

And feels in his transported soul  
 Enthusiastic raptures roll,  
 Gen'rous as those the Sons of Cecrops caught  
 In hoar Lycæum's shades from Plato's fire-clad thought.

## VIII.

O GRANTA! on thy happy plain  
 Still may these Attic glories reign:  
 Still mayst thou keep thy wonted state  
 In unaffected grandeur great;

*Air V.*

Great as at this illustrious hour,  
 When HE, whom GEORGE's well-weigh'd choice  
 And ALBION's gen'ral voice  
 Have lifted to the fairest heights of pow'r,

*Recitative.*

When

When He appears, and deigns to shine  
 The leader of thy learned line ;  
 And bids the verdure of thy olive bough  
 Mid all his civic chaplets twine,  
 And add fresh glories to his honor'd brow.

## IX.

*Air VI.*      Haste then, and amply o'er his head  
 The gracefull foliage spread ;  
 Meanwhile the Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,  
 And lift her swelling accents high,  
 To tell the World that PELHAM's name  
 Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

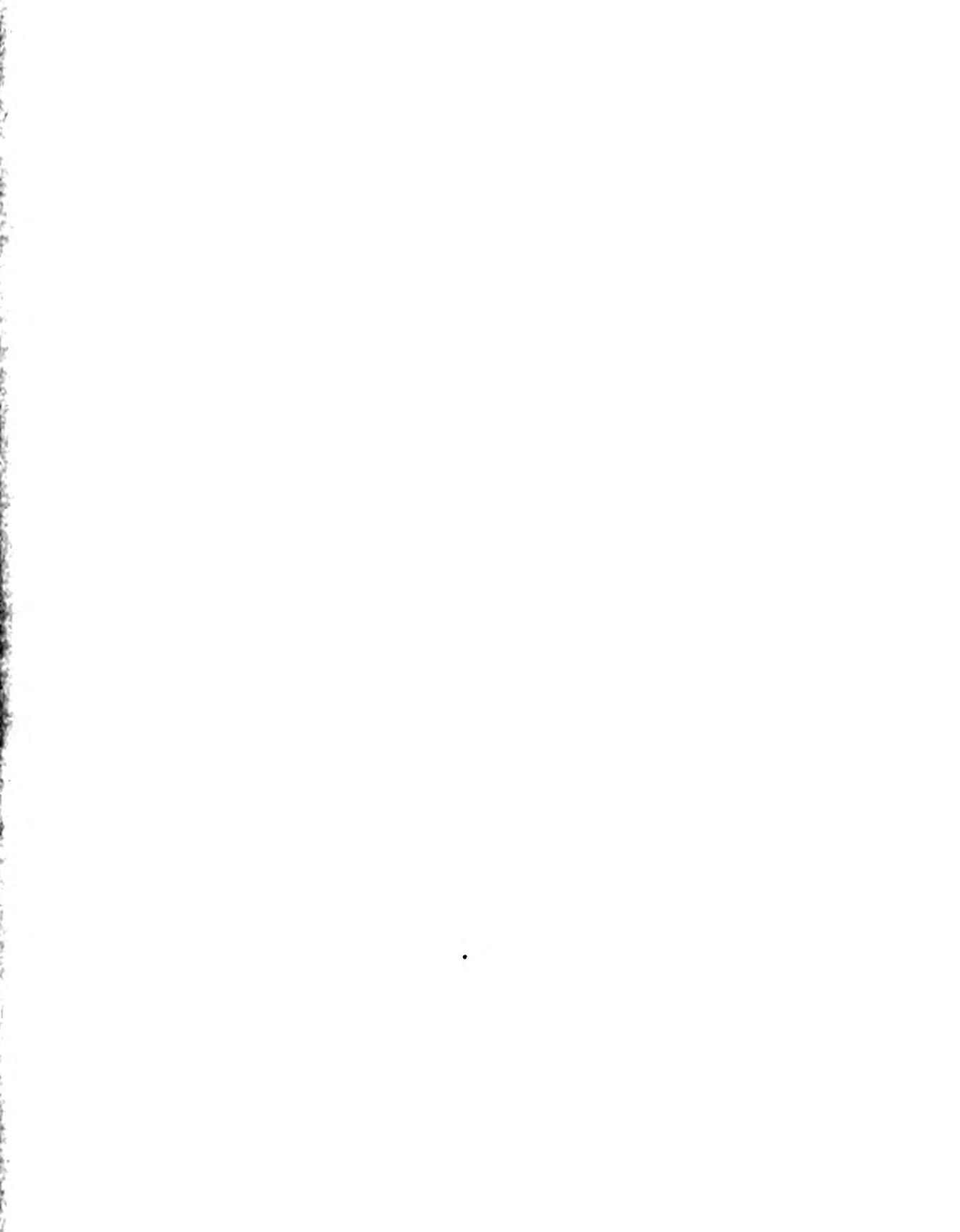
*Full Chorus.*      *The Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,*  
*And lift her swelling accents high,* .  
*To tell the world that PELHAM's name*  
*Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.*

*F I N I S.*



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